



# The Cursed Child



👁 158 ✓ 3 ★ 19

## Chapter 1 by Grace Skinner

Once Upon a time.. There was a little girl who was born to an elvish kingdom. No one wanted her though, for she was the spawn of the devil. She was hardly a few minutes old and she was a disgrace. They burned her mother to the steak, but a young boy and his father took the child before they could kill her too. She was just a child, she hadn't opened her eyes and they want to kill her. They ran off deep into the forest, but every forest was covered with elven archers looking for the child. They couldn't go anywhere, except for the white forest. No one had the guts to go in. They started heading into the forest when the man felt a cold blade up against his throat.

"Who are you? And what business do you have here in the white forest?" A deep voice asked.

"We are just seeking shelter.. For this young girl and my boy." He answered in a cold sweat.

"August.. Let them go." They heard an angelic voice call out. A young woman in a white gown suddenly appeared from behind the white fog.

"May I see the child?" She asked. The Man held out his arms for the young woman to take her. She looked at the child curiously. She had bright blue eyes, but thick black hair. She was such a tiny thing.

"This child is no ordinary child.. Is she?" She asked. The man swallowed hard.

"No ma'am, She is not.. For she is.. The spawn of the devil." He said every word with terror in his voice. The Younger man rushed.. See more of Story Wars

"AUGUST! Put that thing

"But, Calriona, this thing

Login

or

Create new account

"This "Thing" is a child who could have a chance to become something different than what she is destined to be." Catriona explained to August looking him straight in the eye.

"But it's-" he was cut off

"But SHE'S a child. Spawn of the devil or not, she is a child."

"Um... Excuse me... but she's in danger.. Could you please take care of her..?" The man asked.

"Yes.. Of course I will."

"Catriona... what are you doing?" August asked.

"And please.. Could you take care of my boy?" He asked again. August looked at the boy.

"Fine, but I really want nothing to do with that." He pointed to the girl.

"She's mine anyway." Catriona said turning away from him. The man went up to his son and knelt down to his eye level. He hugged him tight trying to fight back the tears and his 4 year old son cried on his shoulder.

"Liam, you have to promise me that you'll protect her. Okay?"

"Yes papa, I will." He said trying to toughen up. He straightened up and wiped the tears as his father left the forest.

"I'm gonna take her in as my daughter." Catriona said with joy and she cradled the baby.

"You're 18 years old.." August said.

"And.. That didn't keep you from loving me, did it? And I'm gonna name this sweetheart Keira Etta Raven"

"That's Quite a long name."

"Yes. And even though she could have great potential, every hero needs to be reminded of their darkness. Her name means, Beautiful, little, and death."

"That's a little dark... Don't you think?"

"And who are you to tell me what to name my daughter?" He stayed silent.

## Chapter 2 by Shadowdancer



In another kingdom, there was another elvish child born. It was a boy, and he was born with a small dark pebble in his pure shining heart. It might have been the factor that made the

parents throw it out into the street after half-heartily caring for it for several years. He was

bullied consistently beaten and who raised him and taught him more than one can dream of.

He was given a name. And it was not like the weapons came easily to him, not wanting to be weak again.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

He shifted the sword on his back, looking up at the castle above him staring at it with slightly cold eyes, like he didn't care.

Rumors of a girl that can make stones of black in midair, can speak to ravens, and can vanish through walls.

Anarck smiled slightly.

He adjusted himself and walked the white steps up to the grand white doorway. He didn't care about being fast, it took five minutes to climb all of them, and there were so many windows open that there was bound to be some maid running to warn the master.

Like always when approaching a castle armed and uninvited, he was surrounded with spears before he got to the door, forming around his neck like a collar.

"State your business in the white castle." One man said, but he didn't look like a man, more like a ceramic doll that can move on his own.

Anarck had seen magic before, the wizard did it all the time, but this was new.

"I wish to meet with the so called devil girl." He proclaimed, sticking his chin up high like the ring of metal wasn't there.

The man dolls stared at him, and blinked.

One recovered quickly. "The Mistress wouldn't allow you to touch her in harm."

"I don't intend to."

"Then what do you-"

"I believe I am just like her."

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Linking a mature account](#) [to receive feedback](#)

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account